

Red Vs Blue: Internal Affairs

by 77th McKenized

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Summary: Church tries to figure out why Shelia seems so agitated, but is she the one that needs help? ChurchXShelia. My first fic, so don't kill me.

Red Vs Blue: Internal Affairs

ZOMG! A ChurchxShelia fanfic? Bet you never seen this before.

Church stood proudly before his array of vehicles. He had to admit, this was a mighty feat. In addition to his battle tank, he now had a motorcycle, and a jeep. And despite himself, he couldn't help but gloat.

"Look at this Shelia," He said, speaking to the Artificial Intelligence residing in the tank. "This is a thing of beauty. What I have here isâ€œI'm amazed."

"Whatever." Shelia mused, apparently not that interested.

"We have got ever, single vehicle in this canyon. We are unstoppable. This is- I have my own fleet. I have my own fleet of cars."

"Three vehicles and only one guy to drive them. Big deal" Shelia said, her voice seeming to ring with annoyance.

"No the important this is that they don't have any vehicles to..." Churchs' voice faltered. "Hey, is there a problem here?" He said, curiosity getting the best of him.

"Problem?" Shelia asked, "Why would there be a problem?"

"Well, it's justâ€œI don't know. You just seem uh,â€œyou knowâ€œagitated."

"You think I'm agitated."

"Well uh, I-I didn't mean, well, I didn't mean thatâ€|"

"No, it was your word," Shelia pointed out, "You said 'You sure seem agitated, Shelia'. So I guess that means I'm agitated. Don't I seem agitated, Church?"

"I'm just- I'm just saying you seem, a little, upset."

"Oh, so now I'm upset. Which is it Church, am I agitated or upset?"

"Uhâ€|I could get a dictionaryâ€|"

"Why would I be upset?"

"Uh, I don'tâ€|

"Well, how would you like it if I got a bunch of more blue guys to come hang around and help me?"

"Well, there, are three other guys on the squad." He pointed out.

"Exactly. This isn't a parking lot Church. It's a team; a family. Are we just supposed to forget about everything we've been through?"

"Right, including the time you killed me."

"How about, if suddenly I decided, I wasn't the Blue team's tank? What if today, I'm feeling just a little bit red?"

"They're just cars, Shelia." Church said nervously, losing ground.

"I'm going to pretend I didn't just hear that."

"Hey, is there like, a jealousy switch, I can likeâ€|turn off?"

"You would like that, wouldn't you?"

"Oh come on Shelia!" Church said, exasperated. "I'm just trying to be helpful!" He made his way over to where the tank was parked.

"You have an odd definition of the word, Church."

"Shelia, I just want to make sure you're functioning properly."

"Are you saying I have a problem?"

"No, not like thatâ€|"

"Then how, Church?"

Church sighed, and glanced at the tank. He wasn't that excited about the possibility that Shelia might be malfunctioning. Especially when she had a fully armed 90mm cannon aimed right at him. "Look, how I just come in there and make sure you're doing the tanks is okay?"

"Do you're really just concerned about the tanks well being, right?" Church ignored her and dispatched himself from his robot body. After he was out of that chassis, he jumped into the tank.

It was crowded. That was the first thought that came to mind. He was on a flat, grid like room. Boxes and crates were everywhere. Data scrolled past him, binary code, and logistical updates. But something wasn't right. Every fourth character seemed corrupted. That 3 was missing its top. That HE designation was fuzzy. And that reloading sequence seems to be misplaced. Man, Shelia really was messed up.

"Shelia? Where are you?"

"Right behind you."

He turned, and took a full view of her holographic representation. He body was clear, but with a shade of purple. Bar and stripes bearing a deeper shade of purple covered her body, especially certain areas. Her hair was long, but it spiked up 70 degrees. Church could help but think how hot she looked.

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Was he seriously thinking Shelia, and A.I inhabiting the Blue teams tank, was hot? That was wrong, on like, 3 different levels. And yetâ€|

"Church?" Shelia asked, breaking him out of his admiration. "Uh, what?" He said, still recovering. She said nothing but pointed towards his sniper rifle. He glanced down, and realized that the barrel of the weapon was situated right between her legsâ€|

He blushed, if that was even possible, and backed away.

"Church," she asked, sounding somewhat annoyed, "are you implying you would like to do something with me?"

"Uh, I don'tâ€|uhâ€| Are you thinking that Iâ€|want to â€|toâ€|have sex with you?"

"Oh," Shelia said, her eyes narrowing. "I originally thought that move meant that you wished to terminate my existence, but I guess your mind is elsewhere."

"What? No, it's just thatâ€|" He put his hand on Shelia's shoulder. "I just want to make sure thatâ€|"

Shelia glared at his hand. He removed it, nervous now. What else could he say? It's not like-

"Church, I don't know if I'm the one you should be worried about. I'm detecting significant stress levels in your mind. Not to mention anger stemming from suppressed feelings of inadequacy. It appears you have suffered a lack of motivation in recent years.

Church said nothing. This time it was Shelia's turn to put her hand on Church's shoulder.

"Church, I'm here to help. If you want toâ€|" She pulled closer to him. "I can provide."

Church had no idea on how to proceed. Her lips were an inch from his. He had a rising sensation in his chest. Like a soda fizzing, just waiting to be released. He stared at the A.I in front of him. Could he really do this? Could he just get intimate with Shelia right here? Right now? What if the others found out? What would be their reaction? What if-

Shelia reached up and kissed his cheek.

"Of, fuck it." Church said.

He kissed Shelia, wrapping his arms around her and pulling her against him. It was an odd connection. His spirit form against her holographic form. His ghost tongue against her artificial one.

It felt so right.

After a good 30 seconds, she released. She closed her eyes, and the bars and stripes disappeared from her body, leaving her naked. He removed his own armor, pressing his body against her. They halted for a second, staring into each others eyes. And then they began.

It was a blur.

Constant motion, rising stimulation. Her hips grind against his. Forward and backward. Their tongues interlocked. His hands on her thighs; hers' in his hair. Her breasts against his chest. A few hours ago this was something they never would have imagined. Now it was all they could think about. The came closer to their goal. Faster. Faster.

Finally, they were done.

They stayed together, probably just having finished the most unlikely event this gulch had ever seen.

"That was good."

"Yes. Yes it was Church."

The shared an awkward silence. Apart from the slow rub of his knuckles on her arm, they were still.

Finally, Church left the AI to her tank. He returned to his robot body, and walked back to Blue base.

Man, things were getting weirder every day.

End
file.